[ficlet] A brief reprieve via dreams.

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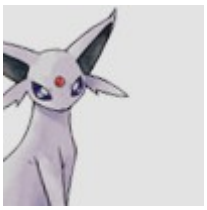

Title: A brief reprieve via dreams.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17
Warnings: Smut! Wingfic w/ feather pulling smut!
Pairings/Characters: Sam/Lucifer.
Word Count: 696 words.
Summary: It's a dream, it has to be. Lucifer tells Sam that it would be a bad idea to wake up.
Note: This is the fourteenth of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific

present to **aeon_entwined**, who wanted Sam/Lucifer - porny wingfic + feather pulling. In short, this is a PWP with trace elements of plot. (Set post 5x22 but before any part of Sam left the Cage, see.)

(If you wake up prematurely I will be...annoyed. Do you understand?)

- **Current Mood:** weird

Sam bites down on Lucifer's shoulder hard, splays hands over skin that is warm and pliable and that is when he realizes that he is dreaming. Dreaming of Lucifer in his bed, spread out before him with something like affection and amusement in his eyes; dreaming of wings that are ruined splendor spread out on the sheets for Sam to touch as he pleases; dreaming of Lucifer just letting him explore him at his leisure with teeth and tongue.

It must be a dream. Sam runs fingers up Lucifer's arm and pinches him, sure that he isn't awake because Lucifer does not strike him down for daring to go so far. It must be a dream because Lucifer just smiles enigmatically at him when he looks.

Sam raises his hand to pinch himself to wakefulness if he can but Lucifer acts, does something for the first time all dream since he raised his eyes to Sam's and let his legs fall open in invitation. Lucifer grabs his wrist and stops him. Sam speaks for the first time since he let himself fall upon Lucifer.

"Why?"

"If you do that this ends, and I am giving this one night to you," Lucifer says. He is calm, too calm. "You don't want to wake up yet."

Sam cannot help but ask why again even as Lucifer lets go of his wrist, gives him the choice.

"Because," Lucifer tilts his head back, voice flattening to a monotone with every word he speaks. "We are in Hell, and your dreams are the only solace here I can find. If you wake up prematurely I will be...annoyed. Do you understand?"

This is where Sam would ask more questions, would ask why he doesn't remember anything of Hell or getting to Hell, would ask why his dreams are an escape for Lucifer and so many more questions but this is a dream.

Sam puts his hands in Lucifer's feathers instead and doesn't ask why he can see them here. He barely notices the relief in Lucifer's eyes (if they are dreaming Lucifer doesn't have to feel his despair or his helpless rage, as nothing matters here, nothing at all) and he says nothing more as he draws fingers down through Lucifer's wings and watches the angel twist against the sheets with arousal.

He leans and kisses Lucifer, deep and wet and messy, exchanging moans when Lucifer digs his fingers into his hips and drags him closer, makes him fall over and land sprawled over Lucifer, arms flung out to land in the soft down of feathers layered upon feathers.

Sam feels Lucifer's cock push up into his stomach and for a moment he lies still, panting against Lucifer's chest as he focuses on feeling the skin and everything below him.

A hand lands on his back, a warm spot that Sam arches up into before he can register more surprise at the absence of cold.

An idea wanders across his mind and he turns enough to take the shaft of one of Lucifer's iron-grey-almost-black feathers in his hand, and he pulls with a gentle tug, not seeking to remove the feather but just to tug, to see what makes Lucifer react.

He likes what he gets: Lucifer hisses and lets his head fall back in wordless arousal, hand pressing down on Sam's back.

So Sam does it again, find another feather and tugs until it's enough to make Lucifer twitch under him, strange words falling from his mouth that Sam decides to interpret as 'more' until proven otherwise. He keeps his touch delicate, gentle as he pets across rows of banded feathers to find one he likes that he then toys with. Lucifer's cock keeps pushing into his stomach as he works, and Sam lets out a breathless laugh when he tugs on one feather that pushes Lucifer over the edge, makes warmth splash across his stomach and oh, that is very nice when Lucifer goes limp, an expression of bliss on his face that Sam has never seen before.

Sam reaches out to trace Lucifer's lips; he'll take the memory of this smile if nothing else back when he wakes up.